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"Horace in Quantity,"

Et Caetera.

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APOLOGIA.

PROFESSOR CONINGTON, in the interesting preface to his translation of the Odes of Horace, alludes to the question of transplanting the Horatian metres into English.

Although, on the whole, his remarks are not encouraging to anyone who makes such an attempt, yet they do not altogether bar the way; for, after mentioning the Hexameter and the Sapphic metres, both of which have so often been tried in English, and after referring to Mr. Clough's reproductions of Horatian metres, he goes on to say that "*a sober writer will be disposed rather to pass judgment on the past than to predict the future, knowing, as he must, how easily the 'solvitur ambulando' of an artist like Mr. Tennyson may disturb a whole chain of ingenious reasoning on the possibilities of things.*"

Now it is the very success of Lord Tennyson's Alcaic and Hendecasyllabic poems that has encouraged the writer of the following versions to follow, *longo licet intervallo*, that illustrious poet.

He must confess that he is by no means satisfied with his attempt, although in some of the metres, especially the Alcaic,

he hopes that he may perhaps have translated some few of Horace's beautiful thoughts into lines not quite unworthy of the original.

It only remains to add that, of the twenty odes now printed, the versions of Od. VII., Lib. I., and of Od. VII., Lib. IV., were published in the magazine "Time," now defunct, in 1890, together with a few remarks on the general question, and on the difficulty connected with the treatment of the Latin anapaest and tribrach, which are accentuated as dactyls in English, especially in the cases of proper names, such as Danaus, Tityus, etc., and are so used by the present writer.

AD LECTOREM MEUM.



IN linguam conversa tuam immortalis Horatî
 Carmina viginti hic, Anglice lector, habes.
 “*Haud nova munera das ; Flacci satis ista superque,*”
 Sic mihi respondes, “*reddita verba lego :*
Talibus inceptis quis non se credidit aptum ?
Sunt centum auctores, est sine fine cohors :
Diversos quot ad hoc homines concurrere vidi !
Discipulos, juvenes, emeritosque senes.”
 Vera refers, hunc parce tamen tenuare laborem ;
 Namque meis numeris pars novitatis inest ;
 Usus enim metris ego quæ placuere Poetæ.
 Carmina inexperto reddita more dedi.

Horatius.

LIBER I.

CARMEN I.—AD MÆCENATEM.

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum :
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos ;
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergemini tollere honoribus ;
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo,
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sareulo
Agros Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
Landat rura sui ; mox reficit rates
Quassas indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lenæ caput sacræ.

“Horace in Quantity.”

BOOK I.

To MÆCENAS.

O THOU branch of a stem, royal as ancient,
 Mæcenas! O my chief pride, O my guardian!
 Look how some by the dust, stirr'd on Olympian
 Race-course, love to be soil'd, and with a fiery
 Wheel graze barely the goal; then does a noble palm
 Uplift princes of earth high to the Gods above.
 This man, joyous, achieves those triple dignities,
 Which Rome's changeable crowds vie to decree for him:
 Whilst in barns of his own, heap'd up, another one
 Garners gladly the grain thresh'd by the Lybians.
 He that peaceful at home tills his inheritance
 Ne'er, as sailor afloat, would in a Cyprian
 Bark, though brib'd by the wealth even of Attalus,
 Waves Myrtoan across sail with a fearful heart.
 Yon tost trader avoids waves of Icarian
 Seas, storm-torn by the wind; praises a town's repose,
 And sweet fields of his home; still very speedily
 His wrecks, loth to remain poor, he refits again.
 Ripe old Massic a few think it a joy to quaff,
 And grudge not, cup in hand, part of a day to waste,
 Now stretch'd idly beneath green of an arbutus,
 Now where, dear to the Gods, wells up a gentle fount.

Multos castra juvant et lituo tubæ
Permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis; me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo, si neque tibia
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboun refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

Some choose life in a camp; they by the clarion
And shrill trumpet arous'd, rush to the wars that all
Hearts maternal abhor. Under a wintry sky
Hunters keen to remain heed not a wife's caress,
If perchance 'tis a stag, view'd by the trusty pack,
Or wild Marsian hog breaks thro' the filmy nets.
I feel rais'd to the Gods, when with an ivy wreath
Deck'd, crown due to the sage; I, to behold the nymphs
And Fauns merrily dance, into the shady grove,
From men's haunts far away wander, if only there
Euterpe to me pipe, and Polyhymnia
Strike her Lesbian harp; but give a place to me
'Mid bards famous of old for lyric harmony,
And I'll carry my proud crest to the stars on high.

CARMEN III.—AD NAVEM QUA VEHEBATUR VIRGILIUS
ATHENAS PROFICISCENS.

SIC te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater
Obstrictis aliis præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus
Nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
Quo non arbiter Hadriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum et
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?

TO THE SHIP CONVEYING VIRGIL TO ATHENS.

At thine helm be the Deity,
 Whose pow'r Cyprus adores, with the two glittering
 Stars, twin brethren of Helena ;
 All winds, Æolus, hush, save the desired one ;
 Ship, that lent as a trust to thee
 Owest Virgil, O list, list to me suppliant !
 Wouldst thou keep what is half my life,
 Waft him safely to port, safe to far Attica.
 That man must have had heart of oak,
 And breast trebly by brass shielded, who first a frail
 Bark launch'd forth on an angry sea,
 Nor blench'd, whilst in a strife fiercely tumultuous
 North winds met the mad African ;
 And first brav'd the sad-orb'd Hyades, and the wild
 South wind, ruler of Hadria,
 Whose pow'r best can at will raise or abate the storm.
 From what death did he shrink afraid,
 Whose gaze calmly the sea view'd as a mountain high,*
 With things monstrous afloat on it,
 And those terrible rocks Acroceraunia ?

* See Homer Od : Book III. 290. “ κύματά τε τροφόντα πελώρια ἴσα ὄρισιν.”

Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.
Post ignem ætheria domo
Subductum macies et nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors,
Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis ;
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus ardui est ;
Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

All in vain did a Providence
With waves circled around plan to detach the land,
If ships boldly rebellious
O'erleap watery straits meant to be barriers.
Men will brave any suffering
In wild search of a thing fitly denied to them ;
Fire obtained by Promethean
Guilt, and robbery bold, came to the nations ;
When fire from the celestial
Realms was stolen away, then many forms of ill,
Fevers, atrophy, swoop'd on earth ;
And, more tardy before, death's unavoidable
Footsteps then began hurrying.
Upward, borne by the wings ne'er for a man design'd,
Floated Dædalus into space ;
Nor could e'en Acheron's bars stop a Hercules.
Naught for mortal is arduous,
In mad folly we strain e'en to the stars above ;
Nor, perverse in iniquity,
Let great Jove for awhile spare us his angry bolts.

CARMEN IV.—AD L. SESTIUM.

SOLVITUR acris hiems grata vice veris et Favonî,
 Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas.
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni ;
 Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna,
 Junctæque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
Alternò terram quatunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
 Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
 Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
 Seu poscat agna sive malit hædo.
Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
 Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
 Jam te premet nox fabulæque Manes
Et domus exilis Plutonia ; quo simul mearis,
 Nec regna vini sortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet juvenus
 Nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

TO SESTIUS.

HAPPY the change! Sharp winter again to the breezy
spring is yielding,

Seawards the dry-dock'd ships machines are hauling;
Herds their stalls quit gladly, the ploughman his hearth
detains no longer,

No longer hoar-frost sparkles on the meadows.
Now leads out fair Quëen Cytherea the dance beneath the
moonbeams,

The lovely Graces, join'd by nymphs, the ground shake
With many-twinkling feet; whilst fiery Vulcan in the work-
shops,

Where toil Cyclopes, sets them all a-blazing.
Let green myrtle be weav'd as a wreath to the glossy
curls befitting,

Or flow'rs, the fruit of earth to life reviving:
Now, 'tis fit that a lamb, or a kid, if he choose, to Pan
be slaughter'd

Within the woodland's shadiest recesses.
Pale-fac'd Death at a beggar's door, or a royal house, an entrance
Alike demands. O Sestius! so favor'd,

Life's short span forbids us a thought of a long career to nourish:

Thou must to night and shades be soon descending,
And to the cheerless abode of Pluto; nor under his dominion

Shalt thou preside lot-chosen o'er the wine-feast,
Nor shalt gaze upon your sweet Lycidas, youth ador'd
of all youths

To-day, the maids their turn will have to-morrow.

CARMEN V.—AD PYRRHAM.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea;
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri, quibus
Intentata nites! Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

TO PYRRHA.

SAY, what beautiful youth, with body scent-bedew'd.
On your flowery couch, Pyrrha, caresses you
'Neath that grotto delightful?

Deck'd thus simply for whom do you
Braid your golden-hued hair? oft, alas! he'll bewail
Troth and destiny chang'd, and alas! oft upon

Dark storm-winds of a rough sea

Gaze with wonder, unus'd to them,
Who now trustful adores beauty so glittering,
And, not knowing a breeze oft to be fickle, trusts

Always gentle to find you,

Always fancy-free. Woe to those
Whom your charms unaware dazzle! The temple-wall
With slab votive adorn'd is the memorial,

That drench'd clothes to the Sea-god's

Pow'r I've hung as an offering.

CARMEN VI.—AD AGRIPPAM.

SCRIBERIS Vario fortis et hostium
Victor Mæonii carminis alite,
Quam rem cunque ferox navibus aut equis
Miles te duce gesserit.
Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,
Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulixei,
Nec sævam Pelopis domum
Conamur, tenues grandia, dum pudor
Imbellisque lyræ Musa potens vetat
Laudes egregii Cæsaris et tuas
Culpa deterere ingenî.
Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden Superis parem?
Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium
Cantamus vacui sive quid urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.

TO AGRIPPA.

YOUR great prowess in arms Varius ought to tell,
(For like Homer he sings), ought to recount it all,
Sea-fights, battles of horse, victories won by troops,

Those fierce troops that were under you.

Themes, Agrippa, not ours; nor the redoubtable
Pelides, in his ire not to be pacified;

Nor seas plough'd by the shrewd ruler of Ithaca,

Nor blood-stain'd Pelopean home:

All too weighty for our slender imaginings;

Our shy Muse with her harp, strange to the wars, declines
Cæsar's widely renown'd glories, or yours, to dim

Through pure want of ability.

Mars in bright adamant panoply glittering,

Or from Troy's many fights Merion all-begrim'd,

What bard worthily sings? or to the gods a peer

Tydides by Minerva made?

We sing merry repasts; battles of angry girls

'Gainst youths, wag'd with a nail trimm'd to be merciful.

We sing, whether at ease, or when a prey to Love's

Torments, playful as usual.

CARMEN VII.—AD L. MUNATIUM PLANCUM.

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen,
 Aut Epheson bimarisque Corinthi
 Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
 Insignes aut Thessala Tempe.
 Sunt, quibus unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem
 Carmine perpetuo celebrare, et
 Undique decerptæ frondi præponere olivam.*
 Plurimus in Junonis honorem
 Aptum dicet equis Argos ditiesque Mycenæ.
 Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon
 Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus optimæ,
 Quam domus Albunæ resonantis
 Et præceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
 Mobilibus pœmaria rivis.
 Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo
 Sæpe Notus neque parturit imbres
 Perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire memento
 Tristitiam vitæque labores
 Molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
 Castra tenent seu densa tenebit
 Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
 Quum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
 Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
 Sic tristes affatus amicos:
 “Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente
 Ibimus, o socii comitesque!

* Hæc lectio, Erasmo adscribi solita, mihi valde placet.

TO PLANCUS.

SOME praise Rhodes the renown'd, some Ephesus, or Mitylene,
 Or, city-crown'd, the Corinthian isthmus ;
 Some Thebes, Bacchus's own, or Delphi, choice of Apollo.
 Or chief pride of Thessaly, Tempe :
 Some to the town where reigns, chaste Queen of purity, Pallas,
 Endless songs of flattery raising,
 Prize olive-wreaths above all that are everywhere wont to be
 gather'd ;
 Whilst not a few give glory to Juno,
 And laud Argos in horses rich, and wealthy Mycenæ.
 I'm less touch'd by the brave Lacedæmon,
 And Larissa's abundant pastures, than by the grotto,
 Whence Albunea noisily rushes ;
 And by the dim Tiburnus-grove, and Anio's headlong
 Leap, and rills led across the wet orchards.
 Just as a bright south wind ofttimes clears heaven of angry
 Clouds, nor pours forth rain never-ending,
 Just so to drown life's worries, O Plancus, wisely remember,
 And life's grief in a goblet of old wine ;
 Whether amid tents bright with sheen of banner, or under
 Summery shade of Tibur abiding.
 When from Salamis' isle, from parent parted an outcast,
 Teucer, as old-world story relates it,
 His brow, wine-inflam'd, with a wreath of poplar adorning,
 Thus his downcast company comforts :
 " Where'er Fortune a way points out, more kind than a father,
 There, O my friends ! we'll cheerfully follow.

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro,
Certus enim promisit Apollo,
Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
O fortes pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor."

Teucer's ready to lead, and ready to counsel; away with
Despair! Hath not faithful Apollo
Long ago told of a town, of a new-born Salamis elsewhere?
Ills more terrible bravely together
Oft we've borne, O my friends; now drink hearts heavy to lighten,
On wide ocean journey to-morrow."

CARMEN IX.—AD THALIARCHUM.

VIDES, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
 Silvæ laborantes, geluque
 Flumina constiterint acuto.
Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
 Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
 O Thaliarche, merum diota.
Permitte Divis cetera, qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
 Deproeliantes, nec cupressi
 Nec veteres agitantur orni.
Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere, et
Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
 Appone, nec dulces amores
 Sperne puer neque tu choreas,
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus et aræ
 Lenesque sub noctem susurri
 Composita repetantur hora,
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo
 Pignusque dereptum lacertis
 Aut digito male pertinaci.

TO THALIARCHUS.

Look at the deep snow's mantle, so white upon
 Soracte! Tree tops heavily bend beneath
 Their burden, and, congeal'd by sharp frost,
 Streams are as hard as a beaten highway.
 Shut out the winter's blast, with a liberal
 Arm heap the logs, bring, O Thaliarchus, up
 The Sabine ear'd-jar, where, by four years
 Rested, a mellower wine reposes.
 All else the gods may care for, at whose behest
 Old elms no longer feel the mad hurricane;
 Nor sways the cypress, and the wild winds
 Sink to repose on a troubled ocean.
 Seek not to gaze forth into futurity,
 Each day the Fates grant reckon a gain to thee;
 Love's tender endearments omit not,
 Neither, O youth, be the dance neglected,
 Whilst still thy bright curls show not a silver hair
 Of fretful old age. Now to the park, the squares,
 Resort; let whispers in the gloaming
 Softly be breath'd at an hour agreed on.
 Sweet 'tis to listen now to the maiden, whom
 Conceal'd in inmost corner a laugh betrays;
 'Tis sweet a love-token to snatch from
 Finger or arm that is half resisting.

CARMEN XIII.—AD LYDIAM.

QUUM tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, vae meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.
Tum nec mens mihi nec color
Certa sede manent, humor et in genas
Furtim labitur arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.
Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turparunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ, sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum dulcia barbæ
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.
Felices ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

TO LYDIA.

WHILST I, Lydia, list, as you
 Praise on Telephus heap, praise for his arms so fair.
 And throat pink as a rosebud is ;
 Uncontrollably fierce jealousy fills my breast,
 Upsets all equanimity,
 Sends hot blood to my face, quickly to pale again ;
 Whilst cheeks furtively tear-bedew'd
 Show that slowly the fire burns ever into me.
 Anger stirs me to picture your
 Shoulders ivory-white soil'd in a tipsy brawl,
 Or when, press'd by the frenzied youth,
 Your lips haply the rude mark of a tooth betray :
 Nor will Lydia, warn'd by me,
 Hope that man to remain faithful, who barbarous
 Those sweet kisses abuses, which
 Love's Queen bathes with a fifth part of her honey-dew.
 Ah ! thrice happy the couples are,
 Whose unchangeable ties know not a severance,
 Whose love, torn by no bickerings,
 Till their life's very close clings ever unto them.

CARMEN XXII.—AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

INTEGER vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,
Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.
Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem,
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.
Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata :
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

TO FUSCUS.

WHOSOE'ER unblameably lives, O Fuscus,
Pure of all guilt, neither a bow, nor Afric's
Darts requires, nor needs quiver arm'd with arrows

Poison-anointed:

Whether he should sail over yeasty quicksands,
Or thro' grim Caucasian alps be faring,
Or beneath cliffs wash'd by the story-famous

Waves of Hydaspes.

For when in woods I was unarm'd a-roving
Careless, and, singing "Lalage, my darling,"
Stray'd beyond bounds, did not a wolf, a perfect

Monster, avoid me?

None more appalling in her ample beech-woods
Can the warlike Daunia breed; no fiercer
Juba's outlandish lion-haunted arid

Country produces.

Place me 'mid wilds, where not a single tree feels
Strength-renewing breezes of healthy summer;
Place me where dense mists hover, and ill-omen'd

Clouds cover heaven;

Or beneath Sol's chariot, in the lone land
Void of all dwellings, my so sweetly smiling,
Sweetly discoursing, Lalage will even

There be my darling.

CARMEN XXIII.—AD CHLOEN.

VITAS hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem non sine vano
Aurarum et silvæ metu.
Nam seu mobilibus vepriis* inhorruit
Ad ventum foliis, seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.
Atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gætulusve leo frangere persequor:
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

* Hanc Bentleii emendationem libenter accipio.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE! why slip away, just as a little fawn
O'er crags mark'd by no path flies in a search for her
Trembling mother, in each thick
Each gust danger imagining?
For see, whether a bush rustle beneath a breeze
With leaves easily stir'd, or by the green lizards
Yonder bramble be mov'd, heart
And limbs tremble in unison.
Yet no terribly fierce tiger, or African
Lion, sweet one, am I, ready to mangle thee:
Ripe at length for a spouse, thy
Parent cease to be following.

CARMEN XXXVIII.—AD PUERUM.

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus.
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ;
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta
Vite bibentem.

TO HIS SERVANT.

NEITHER Eastern luxury, nor thy garlands
Tied by bark of linden, O boy, delight me ;
Search not in gardens if amid the late blooms

Linger a rosebud :

Care not, I beg, aught to provide beyond plain
Myrtle ; does not myrtle befit the master.

As beneath vine-branches he sits carousing.

And the retainer ?

LIBER II.

CARMEN III.—AD DELLIIUM.

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Delli,
Seu mæstus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni ;
Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.
Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ,
Dum res et ætas et Sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

BOOK II.

TO DELLIUS.

IN times of adverse Fortune, O Dellius,
Preserve an even temper ; in happy days
Indulge not in boasting ; rejoice not
Immoderately ; the tomb awaits thee.
Whether by constant clouds of unhappiness
Thy life be cross'd, or, stretch'd in a grassy nook.
Through festive hours thou quaff Falernian
Merrily, sealed as a dainty vintage ;
Where lofty pines with silvery poplar yield
From their united branches a kindly shade,
And through the brook's windings the swift wave
Struggles along in a ripple trembling.
Dark threads the Fates weave, that triple Sisterhood !
Ere these be cut, whilst young, with a competence,
Here call for wine, scents, lovely roses,
Fated alas ! to so brief a blooming.

Cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes, et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.
Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

To woods around bought up, to the villa-walls
By tawny Tiber lav'd, to beloved Home,

Thou must a farewell bid, resigning

Riches amass'd for an heir to squander.

No matter if rich scion of Inachus

Ancestral, or born basely, beneath the sky

Thou dwell'st a pauper, still a prey to

Orcus, alike for us all remorseless.

Towards the same goal each one is hurried on :

The fatal urn must, later or earlier,

A lot for each emit, to cast him

Into the bark of eternal exile.

CARMEN IV.—AD XANTHIAM PHOCEUM.

NE sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu! Prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
 Movit Achillem;
Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ;
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
 Virgine rapta,
Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
 Pergama Graiis.
Nescias, an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:
Regium certe genus et Penates
 Mæret iniquos.
Crede non illam tibi de scelesta
Plebe dilectam, neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
 Matre pudenda.
Brachia et vultum teretesque suras
Integer laudo; fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
 Claudere lustrum.

TO PHOCEUS.

FEAR not, O Phoeus, to be sham'd, in owning
Love for your handmaiden ! a simple slave girl,
Snowy-limb'd Briseis, arous'd to passion

Scornful Achilles :

Had not his Tecmessa, the lovely captive,
Charms for her liege-lord Telamon's son Ajax ?
Lov'd not Atrides, in his hour triumphant,

Her that he captured,
When by conqu'ring Thessaly's hero scatter'd
Fell the vast barbarian hordes, and Hector's
Death before Troy left to the weary Greeks an
Easier onset ?

Golden-hair'd Phyllis may have wealthy parents.
Such as you well could, as a son, be proud of ;
Born a king's child, sadly no doubt her ill-starr'd

Home she remembers.

This belov'd maid's origin O believe not
Basely plebeian ; did a girl so faithful,
And thus unselfish, ever own a mother

Only to blush for ?

I can, unsuspected of envy, praise her
Face, her well-turn'd ankles, her arms, as one whose
Years, when all summ'd up, tell a tale of hard on

Forty behind him.

CARMEN X.—AD LICINIUM.

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo

Litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda

Sobrius aula.

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos

Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene præparatum
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit

Jupiter, idem

Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit. Quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat musam neque semper arcum

Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare; sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo

Turgida vela.

TO LICINIUS.

RIGHTLY will Life's bark, O my friend, be guided,
If not out always far upon mid-ocean,
Nor, to keep safer when a storm arises,
Close to the sea-shore.

He avoids meanness in a shabby dwelling,
And palatial luxury, source of envy,
Whosoe'er contentedly seeks the mean call'd
Rightly the Golden.

See the vast pine bows to the gale more often ;
Heavier downfall has a lofty tower ;
And the mountain's pinnacle does the lightning's
Bolt split asunder.

Well prepar'd minds dread a reverse when happy,
And in adverse fortune a better hope for ;
'Tis the same Jove yearly renews the winters,
Yearly removes them.

Fate to-day's frownings for a smile to-morrow
Haply may change ; does not Apollo sometimes
Wake the long silence of his harp, not always
Known as an archer ?

Show when in misfortune a brave demeanour,
Show thyself high-spirited, and the swelling
Sails beneath too prosperous airs omit not
Wisely to shorten.

CARMEN XIV.—AD POSTUMUM.

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet indomitæque morti;
Non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi
Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicumque terræ munere vescimur,
Enaviganda, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriæ,
Frustra per autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.

TO POSTUMUS.

ALAS! the years glide past, O my Postumus,
Glide quickly! think not piety can delay
Your wrinkles, or th' approach of Age, or
Death's unavoidable law can alter.
'Twere vain to Pluto, Pluto the merciless,
Three hundred oxen daily to sacrifice,
To soften him that captive holdeth
Tityus, hemm'd by the gloomy Lethe,
And thrice enormous Geryon: all of us,
Ay! all we mortals fed by the gifts of earth,
Both mighty kings and needy rustics,
Must over it to the shore be ferried.
In vain we shun War's slaughter, or Hadria's
Waves hoarsely roaring, madly tumultuous;
We vainly dread those blasts of Auster,
Fear'd as unhealthy thro' days of autumn.

Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danaï genus
 Infame damnatusque longi
 Sisyphus Æolides laboris.
Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
 Te præter invisas cupressos
 Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet heres Cæcuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus et mero
 Tinget pavimentum superbo,
 Pontificum potiore cœnis.

We must descend where, offspring of Æolus,
Toils on for aye doom'd Sisyphus, and the dark
Cocytus winds, and dwell the guilty
Maids, who by Danaus were begotten.
This earth's delights, home, partner adorable,
All must be some day quitted; of all the trees
You tend, awhile their master, you shall
Only by Cypress abhorr'd be follow'd.
Twice fifty keys will fail to preserve the flasks
You prize; an heir more worthy will empty them,
And waste the proud vintage unequall'd
E'en by the nectar a Pontiff offers.

LIBER III.

CARMEN IX.—CARMEN AMŒBÆUM.

Hor. DONEC gratus eram tibi,

Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat,

Persarum vigui rege beator.

Lyd. Donec non alia magis

Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis

Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Hor. Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,

Dulces docta modos et citharæ sciens,
Pro qua non metuam mori,

Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

Lyd. Me torret face mutua

Thurini Calaïs filius Ornyti,
Pro quo bis patiar mori,

Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Hor. Quid, si prisca redit Venus

Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,

Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

Lyd. Quamquam sidere pulchrior

Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
Iracundior Hadria,

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

BOOK III.

TO LYDIA.

Hor. WHILST, your welcome adorer, I
Might your ivory throat still put an arm around.
Nor was dearer another one,
Ah! less happy than I Persia's emperor.

Lyd. Ere your heart had another own'd,
And plac'd Myrrha before Lydia east away;
In proud dignity Lydia
Surpass'd Ilia, Rome's glorious heroine.

Hor. I'm now slave to the Thracian
Harpist, Myrrha, the sweet singer of harmonies;
Could she still live on happily
I would sacrifice all, readily die for her.

Lyd. Son of Thurian Ornytus,
My flame's Calais! he warmly my love returns:
Could he still live on happily,
I'd not tremble to die, doubly to die for him.

Hor. How if Love with his iron yoke
Once more should, as of old, couple the parted ones!
If dismiss'd be the golden-hair'd
Maid, and Lydia find welcome in entering?

Lyd. Though more fair than a star is he,
You more light than a reed, also far hastier
Than tempestuous Hadria;
I'd live gladly with you, readily die with you.

CARMEN XI.—AD MERCURIUM.

MERCURI, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo,
Tuque testudo resonare septem
 Callida nervis,
Nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
Divitum mensis et amica templis.
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
 Applicet aures,
Quæ velut latis equa trima campis
Ludit exsultim metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers et adhuc protervo
 Cruda marito.
Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
Ducere et rivos celeres morari;
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
 Janitor aulæ,
Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus atque
Spiritus teter saniesque manet
 Ore trilingui.
Quin et Ixion Tityosque vultu
Risit invito, stetit urna paullum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
 Carmine mulces.
Andiat Lyde scelus atque notas
Virginum pœnas et inane lymphæ
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo
 Seraque fata,

TO MERCURY.

SING to Lyde, Mercury, for by thee taught
Did not once Amphion, a ready pupil,
Move the stones with melodies? and, O lyre-shell
 Deftly resounding,

From thy chord-strings seven, of old so silent
And unesteem'd, now to the fanes, to rich feasts.
Welcome, unlock thou by thy strains my Lyde's
 Ears shut against me.

Sportive and buoyant at a touch she flies, like
Filly three years old on a breadth of upland,
Unwed, and not fitted as yet for ardent
 Clasp of a lover.

Tiger and woodland are alike thy willing
Followers, thou'rt able to delay the swift streams:
Cerberus, grim guardian of the portal,
 Won by thy wooing,

Crouch'd to thee, though coil'd around his awful
Front, an hundred snakes as a guard be planted;
And a thick breath flow with a gory drip from
 His triple-tongu'd mouth.

And moreover Tityus all-reluctant
Smil'd with Ixion; for a space the vase dried,
Whilst the maids whom Danaus had begot thou
 Sweetly beguilest.

Hear the Virgins' horrible guilt, O Lyde,
Hear that oft-told task of a barrel always
Emptied, as streams filter away beneath it;
 List to the sure doom,

Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
Impiæ, — nam quid potuere majus? —
Impiæ sponso potuere duro

Perdere ferro.

Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendide mendax et in omne virgo

Nobilis ævum,

“Surge,” quæ dixit juveni marito,
“Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
Non times, detur: socerum et scelestas

Falle sorores,

Quæ velut nactæ vitulos lænæ
Singulos eheu lacerant: ego illis
Mollior nec te feriam neque intra

Claustra tenebo.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis,
Quod viro clemens misero pepercit;
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros

Classe releget.

I, pedes quo te rapiunt et auræ,
Dum favet nox et Venus, i secundo
Omne et nostri memorem sepulchro

Scalpe querelam.”

Which awaits crimes, even if Orcus hide them.
Impious they dar'd with a sword to mete out
Death to their bridegrooms: O the deed of horror.

Horror unequall'd !

Out of all one, worthy the torch of Hymen,
Prov'd to perjur'd father a child deceitful;
Splendid in falsehood, of a truth a virgin

Noble for ever.

“Rise,” she spake, and rous'd up her youthful husband.

“Lest a long long sleep unawares be dealt you ;

Hasten hence, your step-sire elude, elude those

Terrible sisters :

Each a victim mangles, alas ! resembling

Lioness fierce-mouth'd, when a kid she seizes ;

Kinder I strike neither a blow, nor hold you

Chain'd in a dungeon.

Let my parent load me with heavy fetters,

For that I show'd ruth to my wretched husband ;

Or let his fleet waft me beyond remotest

Countries of Afric.

Wheresoe'er your steps, or a breeze, direct you,

Fly with omens happy, by night, by Love's Queen

Shielded, haste hence, and a lament to mourn me

Add to my tombstone.”

CARMEN XIII.—AD FONTEM BANDUSIÆ.

O FONS Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis hædo,
Cui frons turgida cornibus
Primis et Venerem et prælia destinat;
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine rivos
Lascivi suboles gregis.
Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
Nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes et pecori vago.
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

FOUNT of *Bandusy, more clear than a mirror is,
Sweet wine, flowery gifts, rightly belong to thee ;

For thee shall be to-morrow

This kid slain ; on his youthful head
Horns just budded, alas ! vainly predict for him
Loves and battle to come ; child of a wanton herd

Ere long shall he thy cool depths

Stain with blood of a crimson hue.

Untouch'd e'en when on high fiery Sirius
Blazes fiercely, thy tide gushes, agreeably

Cool for plough-tired oxen,

For flocks after a wandering.

Thou too shalt have a name worthy to rank among
Founts of story, when I tell of an oak-cover'd

Rock-girt grotto, beneath which

Wavelets noisily leap away.

* Italia—Anglice, Italy.

Bandusia—Anglice, Bandusy.

CARMEN XXIX.—AD MÆCENATEM.

TYRRHENA regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verso lene merum cado
Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum, et
Pressa tuis balanus capillis
Jamdudum apud me est. Eripe te moræ;
Ne semper udum Tibur et Æsulæ
Declive contempleris arvum et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.
Fastidiosam desere copiam et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis;
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.
Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices
Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
Coenæ sine aulæis et ostro
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.
Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Ostendit ignem, jam Procyon furit
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente siccos:

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, offspring proud of Etrurian
 Kings, in my dwelling long has awaited you
 Soft wine in unbroach'd cask reposing,
 Also nut-oil for your hair's anointment,
 With rosy garlands : cease to procrastinate,
 Nor keep the stream-girt Tibur, and Æsula's
 Slopes, and the rocks of parricidal
 Telegon, under your eyes for ever.
 Leave your fatiguing luxury, quit the pile
 Which rises almost up to the clouds above ;
 Let happy Rome's smoke, bustle, riches
 Cease for a while, O my friend, to charm you.
 Oft is the rich man cheer'd by variety ;
 Oft are repasts spread neatly beneath a poor
 Roof-tree, without rich dyes or hangings,
 Able the gloom of a brow to lighten.
 Now shows a splendour heretofore unreveal'd
 He that begot Andromeda, Procyon
 Glows fiercely, Leo madly flames ; drought,
 Bred by the sun, is again returning.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
Rivumque fessus quærit et horridi
Dumeta Silvani; caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.
Tu, civitatem quis deceat status,
Curas, et Urbi sollicitus times,
Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.
Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adest memento
Componere æquus: cetera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
In mare, nunc lapides adesos
Stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
Volventis una, non sine montium
Clamore vicinaeque silvæ,
Quum fera diluvies quietos

Now does the way-worn herd with a weary flock
Seek near the stream cool shelter, or haunts the dells

Of shaggy Silvanus : no light breeze

Breaks the repose that is on the brook-side.

You ponder how most fitly to rule the state,

You dread the Seres ; Bactra beneath the sway

Of Cyrus, and perchance against Rome

Don's rebel hordes are a raid preparing.

Obscur'd behind clouds wisely the Deity

Enwraps results of days that are yet to come ;

And views a man's exaggerated

Fears with a smile ; what is here remember

Unmov'd to deal with ; as to futurity,

Events are onward borne, as a river is,

Which glides, at one time pent within marge,

Peacefully down to the Tuscan ocean ;

But should a fierce flood stir the placidity

Of gentle streams, then roll in a mass away

Flocks, houses, uptorn roots, wave-hollow'd

Stones, with a roar by the woods re-echo'd,

Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, "Vixi: cras vel atra
Nube polum Pater occupato,
Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est, efficiet, neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.
Fortuna sævo læta negotio et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit et mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.
Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseræ preces
Decurrere et votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
Addant avaro divitias mari.
Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ
Tutum per Ægæos tumultus
Aura feret geminusque Pollux."

And hills around it. That man in happiness
Exists, the Lord of self, if he day by day

Can say the words, “I’ve liv’d; to-morrow

Jove over heaven a murky darkness,
Or sunny beam may fling; but an empty void
The past he ne’er will make, or obliterate

And mar the joys which once the passing

Hour, as it hurried along, has yielded.
Fortune, with heartless trickeries occupied,
Takes grim delight in ghastly catastrophes;

At will she shifts her boons, at one time

Friendly to me, then adopts another.

I praise the jade when steady, but if she stir
Her hasty wings, I cast off her affluence;

And worthy toil, unpaid, preferring,

Fold as a mantle my virtue round me.

Not mine the need when, bent by the Southerly
Gales, groans the mainmast, weakly to rush to pray’r;

Or pledge my vows lest greedy Neptune

Should to the wealth he has hoarded add bales
From Cyprus and from Tyre; in a double-oar’d
Shallop reposing safe thro’ the turbulent

Ægean, I shall then by soft airs,

And by the Twin-star on high be guided.”

LIBER IV.

CARMEN VII.—AD TORQUATUM.

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ;
Mutat terra vices et decrescientia ripas
Flumina prætereunt;
Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alium
Quæ rapit hora diem.
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris; ver proterit æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Auctumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant coelestia lunæ:
Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.
Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Dî superi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Quum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas;
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum,
Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumper e caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

BOOK IV.

TO TORQUATUS.

SNOWS melt wasted away, comes verdure again to the woodland.
 Grass to the valley returns;
 All looks chang'd upon earth, streams, lately so flooded, again
 Gently the margin along; [glide
 Nor with a band of Nymphs do the sister Graces in unclad
 Purity tremble to dance.
 Days that are happy, but end; all seasons teach that a mortal's
 Destiny none can avoid.
 Balmier airs chase winter away, spring yields to the summer,
 Summer is only to last
 Until are hous'd the red apples of autumn's treasury, then comes
 Gloomily winter again.
 Still such losses are heal'd by the moons not slowly revolving:
 Man, when he sinks to the grave,
 Like pious Æneas, like rich king Tullus, or Ancus,
 Passes a shade to the dust.
 Whether a day's more life be to thee permitted, is only
 Known to the Power above:
 If with a liberal hand thou spendest kindly, so wilt thou
 Baffle the greed of an heir.
 When life once has an end, and on thy follies a solemn
 Scrutiny Minos has held,
 Naught, Torquatus, avails birth, naught wise speech to revive
 Piety naught can avail. [thee.
 Neither is e'en Diana the chaste Hippolytus up from
 Tartarus able to lead;
 Nor can Theseus' self from his own Pirithous Hell-bound
 Hammer a fetter away.

“Miscellaneous.”

Et Cætera.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'TIS the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone :
Her lovely companions
Are faded and gone !
No flow'r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
To pine on the stem ;
The lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

ULTIMA ÆSTATIS ROSA.

O TU floscule, qui rosis superstes
Æstivis ades unicus, supremus ;
Orbatusque sodalibus venustis,
Stratis omnibus, omnibus peremptis,
Effulges, ubi nec rosa est, nec ullus
Flos consanguineus tibi propinquus,
Qui, cum dulce rubes, rubescat ipse,
Et reddat gemitus tibi gementi !

Hic te non ego barbarus relinquam,
Qui stirpi, viduate flos, adhæres ;
Formosi comites humi quiescunt,
I tu, tu similem petas soporem :
Sic ergo tua, sed manu benigna,
Dispergo folia ad solum, quod horti
Omnes indigenas, tuos sodales,
Et vita et vacuos odore cepit.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle,
 The gems drop away ;
When kind hearts are wither'd,
 And true ones are flown,
O who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

T. MOORE.

Sic, spero, cito detur avolare,
Me siquando ita liquerint amici;
Et fulgentis Amoris e corona
Gemmæ deciderint; quis est morari
Qui solus velit hoc in orbe tristi,
Cum languere animos videt benignos.
Necnon et procul avehi fideles?

SONG OF PAN.

I SANG of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth ;
And of heaven, and the giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth.
And then I chang'd my pipings,
Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
I pursued a maiden, and clasp'd a reed ;
Gods and men we are all deluded thus !
It breaks in our bosoms, and then we bleed.
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

SHELLEY.

“PANOS CARMEN.”

ÆTERNA primum sidera, lampadas
Cœli vagantes, donaque dædalæ
Telluris, invictique amoris
Imperium cecini, et cruentas
Pugnas gigantum; nec silui magis
Quo procreamur, quo morimur, modum:
Exinde, diversos avena
Dat sonitus; cecini puellæ
In valle pronam Mænalia fugam;
Namque ipse jamjam attingere virginem
Mi visus, amplectique prædam,
En calamum manibus prehendo.
Omnes eodem decipimur dolo,
Magnum Deorum et vile hominum genus!
Infixa nam nobis arundo
Frangitur, insequiturque sanguis.
Flevère cuncti; vos quoque crederem
Posse his moveri flebilibus modis,
Ni congelavisset calorem
Sanguinis invidia aut senectus.

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn is old!
The sere leaves are flying,
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he is dying!

Old age, begin sighing!
The vintage is ripe,
The harvest is heaping,
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping,

Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!
The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning:

Cold winter gives warning!
The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am grown old,
And life is fast sinking;

Here's enow for sad thinking!

T. HOOD.

“POMIFERO GRAVE TEMPUS ANNO.”

HUC illuc volitant en folia arida !

Autumnus senio languidus aureos

Jam conguessit acervos,

Et mortis manet exitum :

Suspirare, senex, incipe ! frugibus

Spumans pampineis affluit arca,

Dives messis abundat,

At sunt qui sua semina

Commisere solo, sed nihil e satis

Lucri percipiunt. O miserabilis,

Heu nunc est lacrymandum !

Anno jam prope mortuo

Nil pulchri superest ; nox sine vespere

Improvisa ruit, nascitur et dies

Aurora sine grata ;

Instantes hiemes monent :

Torpent frigoribus flumina ; sol ruber

Se mergit pelago ; jamque senex ego !

Præcepta vita recedit,

Hæc tu tristitia cogita !

THE HOMING PIGEON.

THE Dove let loose in Eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam.

But high she shoots thro' air and light,
Above each low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from earthly care,
From pride and passion free,
Aloft thro' faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to Thee.

No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

T. MOORE.

COLUMBA.

SOLE sub Eoo missam spectate columbam !

Prosilit ad cœlum læta, petitque domum ;
Spernit humum, spernit tractum ætheris inferiorem,
Per quem fida minus cantat et errat avis :

Ignavas exosa moras pernice volatu
Surgit ad ætherii lucida regna poli ;
Qua terrestre nihil pennis velocibus obstat,
Nullaque contristans impedit umbra viam.

Sic mihi Tu viles animi motusque superbos
Terrestrem et curam da superare, Deus !
Ut possim, Fideique et Amoris in æthera purum
Sursum raptus, apud Te penetrare, Pater.

Nulla meam, precor, ars animam malesuada moretur
Dum salit ad cœlos, detineatve dolus ;
At libertatem potius felicibus alis
Det Tua libertas, Sol Tuus ornet iter.

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHO' I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
 Oft-times I hover :
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
 Expectant of her.
The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
 And noise and humming ;
'They've hushed the minster bell,
The organ 'gins to swell,
 She's coming, she's coming
My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
 And hastening hither ;
With modest eyes downcast
She comes, she's here, she's past :
 May Heaven go with her !

IN LIMINE TEMPLI.

QUAMVIS meum non sit penetralia
Intrare templi, sæpe sacro moror
In limine, exspectans amatam
Sollicitis oculis puellam.
Supra tumultus, et strepitum oppidi,
Clangor resultat ferreus ardua
De turre, quo demum silente,
Incipit halitus organorum.
Submissa vultum, libera nec metu,
Modesta virgo tandem alacri pede
Accurrit, adstat coram, inivit ;
Almus eam Dominus sequatur !

Kneel undisturb'd fair saint,
Pour out your praise or plaint
 Meekly and duly ;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure pray'r
 With thoughts unruly ;
But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
 Lingering a minute ;
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see thro' Heaven's gate
 Angels within it.

W. M. THACKERAY.

O pulchra virgo et sancta ! genu mei
Secura flectas, spira humilis preces
De more, vel questus ; inibo
Non ego, qui tua pura vota
Contaminarem non paribus meis :
Ast hanc amanti da veniam, precor,
Ignosce quod paulum moratus
Ante fores spatior negatas ;
Sic ante portas Elysiaë Domus
Credo exsultantes triste animas pecus
Errare, dum introrsum receptos
Coelicolas per aperta cernunt.

ON LEAVING A HOME.

IF I could bid thee, pleasant shade, farewell
Without a sigh, amidst whose circling bow'rs
My stripling prime was pass'd, and happiest hours ;
Dead were I to the sympathies that swell
The human breast ! These woods, that whisp'ring wave
My father rear'd and nurs'd, now to the grave
Gone down ; he lov'd their peaceful shades, and said
Perhaps, as here he mus'd, " Live laurels green ;
Ye pines that shade the solitary scene,
Live blooming, and rejoice : when I am dead,
My son shall guard you, and amid your bow'rs,
Like me, find shelter from life's beating show'rs."

These thoughts, my father, every spot endear ;
And whilst I think, with self-accusing pain,
A stranger shall possess the lov'd domain,
In each low wind I seem thy voice to hear.
But these are shadows of the shaping brain,
That now my heart, alas ! can ill sustain.

VALE.

O NEMORIS latebræ frondentis, amabilis umbra,
Qua puer errabam, felix juvenilibus annis ;
Certe expers pietatis eram, quæ tangit ubique
Corda hominum, si vos linquens non mæstus abirem :
Nam fautore parente meo, quem triste sepulcrum
Nunc tenet, hoc gratam nemus intertexuit umbram.
Ille susurrantes didicit fons spargere lymphas.

Huic erat in placidis meditari dulce viretis ;
Forsan fatus erat, “ Vernantes vivite lauri,
Vos et obumbrantes pinus tacita arva, futuri
Securæ gaudete mali ; me namque remoto,
Vos mea progenies custodiet, et patris instar
Effugiet vitæ vestris sub frondibus imbres.

O genitor, mihi sic meditante dulcior omnis
Fit locus, et donec veluti reus ipse revolve
Mox habitura novum prata hæc dilecta magistrum.
Quisque levis Zephyrus linguæ mihi cara videtur
Murmura ferre tuæ ; tamen hæc vis vivida mentis
Spectra creat, quæ cor cheu ! male sustinet ægrum !

We must forget—the world is wide—th'abode
Of peace may still be found, nor hard the road.
It boots not, so, to every chance resign'd,
Where'er the spot, we bear th'unaltered mind.
Yet, oh ! poor cottage, and thou sylvan shade.
Remember, 'ere I left your coverts green,
Where in my youth I mus'd, in childhood play'd,
I gaz'd, I paus'd, I dropp'd a tear unseen,
(That bitter from the font of memory fell,)
Thinking on him who rear'd you—now farewell !

4

BOWLES.

Decretum est veterum ut veniant oblivia rerum :
Orbis adest vastus, non est via dura ; licebit
Ut pacem sedesque novas aliunde petamus ;
Nil refert qua parte domus sit nostra, serenam
Si colimus mentem, data fata subire parati.
Nunc vos, parva domus, viridesque valete recessus ;
At testes eritis me, nondum rure relicto,
Qua puer errabam, juvenis meditabar amores,
Obtutu tristi loca respexisse moratum,
Secreta et lacryma quam mens memor addit acerbam,
Fautorem vestrum revocasse meumque parentem.

THE NORTHERN SPRING.

YESTRE'EN the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow ;
The sun set red behind the hill,
The rustling breeze was hush'd and still ;
But, 'ere he rose, the Southron blast
A veil o'er Heaven's blue arch had cast ;
Thick roll'd the clouds, and genial rain
Pour'd the vast deluge o'er the plain ;
Fair glens and verdant plains appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
O 'tis the touch of fairy hand,
That wakes the Spring in Northern land ;
It warms not there by slow degrees
With changeful pulse th' uncertain breeze ;

VER BOREALE.

HESTERNA passim nox niveo juga
Montis videbat candida tegmine ;
 Omni que ventorum susurro
 Composito, fugiente colles
Phœbo rubebant ; nubibus at, die
Nondum renata, cœruleum Notus
 Velavit obscuris Olympum, et
 Diluvium immodicam profudit.
En ! prata circum florea, et herbidæ
Valles videntur ; gramina surgere
 Cœpere, nascentemque flatu
 Aura fovet genialis annum.
O quæ Deorum vis Borealibus
Ver dulce regnis ocyus evocat ?
 Quippe haud minutatim Favoni
 Flabra tepent, dubiosve circum

But, all at once, to wond'ring sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light ;
Then, all at once, Spring smiles around,
And magic flow'rs bedeck the ground.
Return'd from regions far away
The red-wing'd throistle pours his lay ;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
Whilst the breeze whistles thro' his wing ;
And, hailing the fast-melting snows,
The heath-cock claps his wings and crows.

From MR. HERBERT'S "HELGA."

Spirant calores ; at magicum jubar,
Res mira visu, lætitia simul
 Vitaque diffusis, repente
 Prosiliit ; subitoque veris
Rident amictu pascua, et undique
Pratum decoris germinibus nitet ;
 Turdusque pennarum rubore
 Conspicuus rediens ab ora
Distante cantus fundit ; et ad polum
Sursum Scolopax prosilit arduum,
 Et vere gaudet, dum per alam
 Sibilat aura, quatitque plumas
Ictu sonoro ; nec minus Attagen
Pennis triumphans æthera verberat
 Plausis, liquescentesque clara
 Voce nives hilaris salutat.

THE MEETING.

AFTER so long an absence
At last we meet again !
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain ?
The tree of Life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now ;
* Like the prophet's two or three berries
In the top of the uppermost bough.
We cordially greet each other
In the old familiar tone ;
And we think, but do not say it,
" How old and gray he is grown."

* Isaiah XVII. v. 6.

CONVENIUNT AMICI.

CONGREDIMUR tandem conjuncti rursus amici,
Tempore tam longo dissociata cohors;
Omnibus ambiguo tanguntur pectora motu,
Anne voluptatem tristitiamve voces?
En vetus arbustum, quod ventus læsit et anni,
Hæret bacca comis unica, forte duæ;
Sic raros eheu! reduces spectare sodales
Nunc datur; a nostro pars grege major abest.
Verba salutantes serimus, ceu tempore prisco,
Vocibus assuetis, consimilique modo;
Et subit hæc, sed lingua tacet, sententia menti.
“Quam vetus est, canæ et consenuere comæ.”

We speak of a merry Christmas,
And many a happy New Year,
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.
We speak of friends, and their fortunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead:
And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests,
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steal o'er our merriest jests.

LONGFELLOW.

Birds of Passage. Flight 3rd in "Aftermath," Ed. 1873.
(ROUTLEDGE.)

Temporis ut festi currant genialiter horæ
Optamus, felix ut novus annus eat;
Quisque sed absentes secum meditatur amicos,
Quos non Fata sinunt huc revocare gradum.
Diversas comitum voces memoramus, et acta,
Et qualem dederit sors sua cuique vicem;
Dum latus ad nostrum defunctos vivere solos,
Viventes solos interiisse putes;
Et de convivis Umbras distinguere durum est
Denique discrimen, nec leve mentis opus;
Et simul assurgens vel in ipso fonte leporum
Nescio quæ nubes, tristis ut hospes, adest.

DISCERNING LOVE.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires ;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return ;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn ;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou ;
Some pow'r in my revenge convey
That love to her I cast away.

THOS. CAREW.

VERUS AMOR.

QUI vel purpureas genas puellæ
Labrorumve rubros amat colores,
Aut e sidereis sibi requirit
Nutrimentum oculis, ut inde possit
Cordis languidulam integrare flammam ;
Istas cum spoliaverint fugaces
Anni delicias, ei necesse
Languescant simul faces amoris.
At mens propositi tenax et æqua,
At mores placidi, et modesta vota,
Concordesque animæ pares, perennem
Inspirare valent amoris ignem ;
His absentibus, et decora labra,
Et pulchros oculos genasque temno.
Nullis, Celia, lacrymis amantem
Nunc ad te revocabis obstinatum ;
Secretas animæ tuæ latebras
Explorans nihil interesse vidi,
Præter duritiem superbiamque ;
Artes edidici tuas, et ipse
Nunc possum pariter superbus esse ;
Spero ultrix tibi transferat potestas
Quem nunc rejicio volens amorem.

TUM pater omnipotens, rerum eni prima potestas,
Infit ; eo dicente Deum domus alta silescit,
Et tremefacta solo tellus, silet arduus æther,
Tum Zephyri posuere ; premit placida æquora pontus.
“ Accipite ergo animis atque hæc mea figite dicta :
Quandoquidem Ausonios conjungi foedere Teucris
Haud licitum, nec vestra capit discordia finem ;
Quæ cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo ;
Sen fatis Italum castra obsidione tenentur
Sive errore malo Trojæ, monitisque sinistris.
Nec Rutulos solvo. Sua cuique exorsa laborem
Fortunamque ferent. Rex Jupiter omnibus idem.
Fata viam invenient.” Stygii per flumina fratris
Per pice torrentes atraque voragine ripas
Adnuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
Ilic finis fandi. Solio tum Jupiter aureo
Surgit, coëlicolæ medium quem ad limina ducunt.

Virgl. Æn. X. 100—117.

THEN 'gan the Mighty Father, who of things
Holds chiefest pow'r; and, as he spoke, no sound
Disturb'd the lofty dwelling of the Gods;
Below earth trembled, and above, the air
Was still; the Zephyrs, too, their breezes held,
And Ocean's self coerc'd its seas to calm.

“Receive then in your minds these words of mine,
And fix them there; since now it is forbid
To join th' Ausonian to the Trojan race
By treaty, and your discord finds no end;
Whatever fortune each enjoys to-day,
Whatever hope each holds; between the two,
I mean the Trojan and Rutulian race,
No difference henceforward do I make;
Whether the Fates decree that Latin troops
Should hold the camp blockaded, or the cause
Be Trojan error sad, and sinister
Warnings of ill. So with the Rutules too;
Let each by what they have begun work out
Their labour, and their fortune. Jove to all
Will be the same. Fate will not be denied.”

Then by his Stygian Brother's stream, and by
The banks, which down to whirling pools of pitch
Descend, he nods; and, at his nod, the whole
Olympus trembled; thus he ceas'd to speak.

So Jove arises from his golden throne,
And him the Gods escorting in the midst
Lead to the threshold.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year ;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
"The sweets of love are wash'd with tears."
Ask me why this flow'r doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break ;
I must tell you these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THOS. CAREW.

PRIMULA.

SI tu propositum meum requiris,
Quare, primitias recentis anni,
Hanc mitto tibi primulam, madentem
Clara roris aqua ; tuas in aures
Responsum tenuis susurrus ibit,
“Fletus delicias rigant amoris.”

Si vis discere, cur videtur idem
Flavus flosculus, et virens, et æger ;
Et cur debilis iste caulis, etsi
Curvetur, tamen integer resultat ;
“His,” dicam, “licet æstimare signis,
Quot turbant dubium metus amantem.”

FOR A WINDOW IN MEMORY OF E.D.B.T. IN BRINKBURN
ABBAY, NORTHUMBERLAND, 1861.

DILECTISSIME, dulcis O sodalis,
Ter nobis sociate, dum remotæ
Tecum flumina navigamus oræ ;
Tibi hanc ponimus, et Deo, fenestram,
Eheu ! funera quattuor dolentes
Præmatura superstites amici.

FOR A WINDOW IN MEMORY OF H.M.S., IN ST. STEPHEN'S
CHURCH, HAMMERWOOD, SUSSEX, 1894.

NUNQUAM non memores Parentis almæ,
Fecundæ, teneræ, piæ, fidelis,
Illi hanc ponimus, et Deo, fenestram,
Nos centum in numero undecimque supra.
Nati, et cum pronepotibus nepotes,
Quos defuncta superstites reliquit.

O BEST beloved, sweetest friend,
Thrice comrade of the crew, whose oars
Sought foreign streams and distant shores;
Thy four companions, who survive,
This window to thy memory give,
And mourn thy sad untimely end.

HERE, in remembrance fond of you,
So fruitful, pious, tender, true,
And to God's glory do we place
This window, His own House to grace;
One hundred and eleven we,
Compris'd in generations three,
Direct descendants living left,
Sweet parent, when of you bereft.

AD EQUUM MORTUUM.

NON procul a malo, ramos ubi poma coronant,
Poma caballinæ semper amica gulæ ;
Quadrupedis nivei componite membra sub herba,
Non erit infletus, non inhumatus erit.

Nos ætate pares, et nunquam dissociati,
Fecimus, albe Noe, lætam ego tuque viam :
Heu ! quod munera sors ita lege ministrat iniqua,
Dans homini longum, sed breve tempus equo.

Lacteus hic tandem quadrupes requiete fruatur,
Subter fronde jacens, quam levis aura movet ;
Hæc et apud tumulum simplex inscripta querela
Tristitiam fidæ testificetur heræ.

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE WHITE PONY, "NOAH."

BENEATH the tree with fruit adorn'd,
 The ruddy fruit he us'd to prize,
 Not unremember'd, or unmourn'd,
 My snow-white pony Noah lies.
 Together first the light we saw,
 Together happy journeys made;
 Alas! that Nature's cruel law
 Longer companionship forbade.
 Here then shall milk-white Noah rest,
 Beneath the boughs that wave above;
 And let these simple lines attest
 His grieving mistress' faithful love.

1891.

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΩΤΑ.

XL.

Ἔρως ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισιν
 κοιμωμένην μέλιτταν
 οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἐτρώθη
 τὸν δάκτυλον· παταχθεὶς
 τὰς χεῖρας ὠλόλυξεν·
 δραμῶν δὲ καὶ πετασθεὶς
 πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρην,
 ὄλωλα, μᾶτερ, εἶπεν,
 ὄλωλα κ' ἀποθνήσκω·
 ὄφεις μ' ἔτυψε μικρὸς
 πτερωτός, ὃν καλῶσιν
 μέλιτταν οἱ γεωργοί.
 ἂ ὃ' εἶπεν· εἰ τὸ κέντρον
 πονεῖ τὸ τᾶς μελίττας,
 πόσον δοκεῖς ποινῶσιν,
 Ἔρως, ὅσους σὺ βάλλεις;

ANACREON.

THE HONEY-BEE.

CUPID 'mid the roses winging,
 Touch'd a Honey-bee that slept;
 Soon he felt a painful stinging,
 And sorely o'er his finger wept.
 Then to the lovely Cytherea,
 In pain, half ran, half flutter'd he;
 Crying, I'm murder'd, mother dear,
 The fatal hour has come to me;
 A small wing'd snake has bit me here,
 The rustics call it a Honey-bee.
 Said she, if stung by that tiny bee
 Thy wounded hand so keenly smarts,
 How bitter must the suffering be,
 Of those thou strikest with thy darts.

1888.

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